

JOHN ANGELO... at... the Water Color Exhibition



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FORM NO. 609; 12,3,37: 500M.



INTERIOR OF GALLERY (NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN).

JOHN ANGELO

AT THE

WATER COLOR EXHIBITION

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
32 FRANKLIN STREET.

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TÊTE-À-TÊTE — *F. de Beaumont.*

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

THEY were studio children, born amongst easels and palettes, lay-figures and model-stands, and reared on high art along with their oatmeal and milk. It was an old tradition that the first words spoken by John Angelo in recognizable English were uttered

eye-glass, he squinted at the painting, and remarked patronizingly to his father, "Not bad!"

Since then John Angelo had grown into a bewitching boy of eight or nine years, with blonde hair banged above his dreamy blue eyes, a poetic and sensitive nature, and an extremely picturesque black-velvet suit, with Vandyke collar of Irish point.

John Angelo's dearest friend was another boy of about his own age, also an artist's son, but of most pronouncedly commonplace appearance. In his pepper-and-salt suit, with his bristling, electrical hair, which no amount of brushing would make lie smoothly, and from his good-humored but homely face, no one would have suspected that an artist's heart beat in Teddy Landseer's sturdy little breast.

Teddy Landseer loved roller-skating in the square, and all the other rough sports of healthy boys. He was not too aristocratic to sit down on the curb-stone and play at marbles with Chew Gum, the son of the Chinese laundryman, yet he had a chivalrous heart, and was gentle to little girls, and to all weak and loving things. He loved dogs and horses, and he loved the sea, for he had spent his last summer



AT PIGEON COVE. — *Geo. H. Smilie.*

by the baby toddler before his father's largest canvas. The mite had assumed the attitude of a connoisseur, and with dimpled fingers, crooked to represent an

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vacation on the coast of Maine; but more than any of these he loved John Angelo.

They were the only boys who lived in the studio building, and the place was peculiarly unadapted to boys. What did all the busy artists, the painstaking flower-painters, the precise etchers, the silent sculptor, the inspired, imaginative painter, the nervous realist worried with his *technique*, the absorbed impressionist squinting with narrow-drawn eyelids after values and quality, or the aesthetic decorative artist overwhelmed with fashionable attention — what did these folks want with two boys in their studios, or even in their vicinity? So they prowled together through the corridors, pausing before open doors to nod to a model, or to note the last picture on the easel, and made their shrewd comments as they talked the paintings over with the janitor down in the furnace-room, drawing rough sketches of the compositions on the floor with a piece of coal.

Altogether the two boys lived in an atmosphere as peculiar as did the Children of the Abbey. The studio building itself, with its great windows, its stone staircases and resounding halls, cool even in summer, was not unlike an abbey; and the pleasant, shady square on which it looked, might have passed for the cloister gardens. They were as out of place as a colony of pigeons in a penitentiary; and yet they made themselves as much at home, and adapted themselves to their circumstances as well as the birds would have done. They had both of them the true art feeling, and had decided that they would be artists when they grew

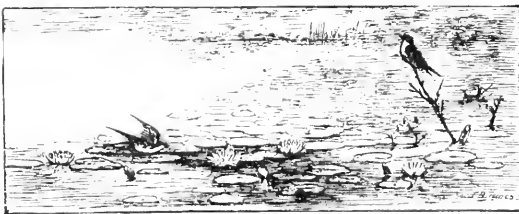


WAITING FOR THE BOATS. — Edward Moran.

up. They had heard people say that painting was a beggarly profession, but they did not care for that, they both had a supreme scorn for riches, and had shrewdly observed that artists had "more fun than other fellers." Artists, therefore, and life-comrades they would be. It only remained for each to choose his peculiar style, for, as Teddy Landseer remarked to John Angelo:

"Pictures are different. Some like to paint landscapes, and some like to paint water-scapes; and some artists paint dogs and horses and folks and other animals; and some paint flowers and things."

"Yes," replied John Angelo. "And they paint 'em diffe . . . You set three artists to painting the



WATER-LILIES. — Fiddia Bridges

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same landscape, and they wouldn't look the same. One fellow's would be as green as a spinach-pot, and another would work it in all gray, and, like as not,

they look at the same things," remarked Teddy.

"I do," replied John; "we see what we like best, you know. Let's you and I take a run by Mr.

Draper's studio door, and then tell each other what we saw."

"All right, go ahead.—What did you see?"

"There was somebody posing in the loveliest satin dress; it looked just like moonlight on a lily."

"I didn't see her dress," said Teddy Landseer; "but she was a mighty pretty young lady. She had lovely red hair and the jolliest eyes; she looked straight at me and smiled. I wish I could smile like that."

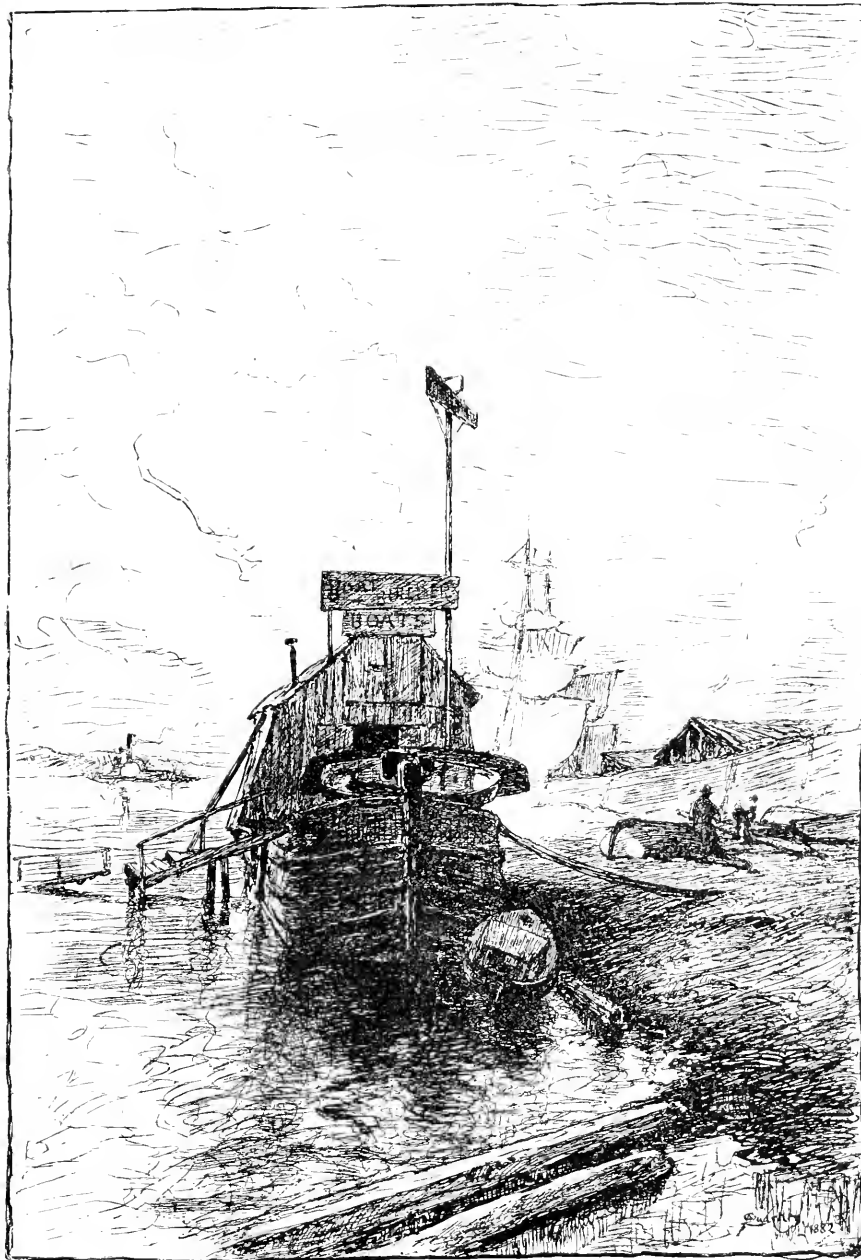
"That so? I didn't notice. But all right — didn't I tell you artists see different? Now if you will get your father's season ticket to the Water Color Exhibition we'll go over, and you'll see they paint different."

As the two boys stood in the entrance hall of the Academy of Design before the beautifully decorated grand staircase, our rough-and-ready Teddy involuntarily took off his cap.

"My!" said he under breath, "aren't those Japanese vases stunning?"

"And the palms! It must look like the forests of the Amazons. Teddy Landseer, just look at that door with the things over it — plaques, and fans, and lacquer-trays, and gold brocade, and pampas-grass, and no end of traps!"

"The prettiest thing of all is that big soap-bubble," said Teddy. "I wonder what keeps it from bursting."

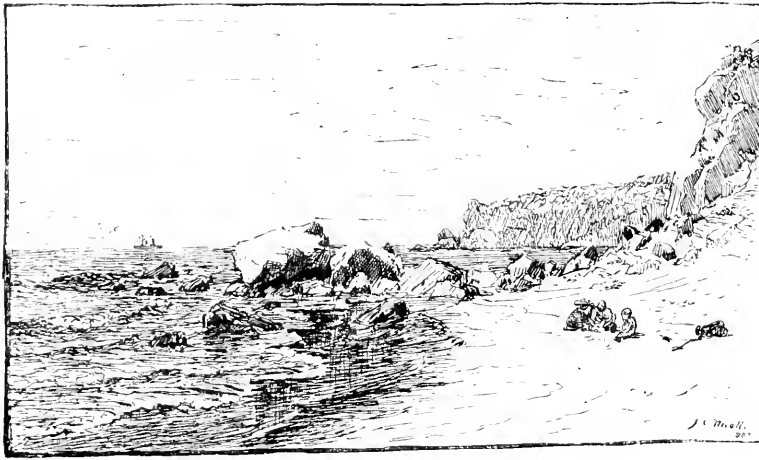


A RIVERSIDE ANTIQUE — Arthur Quartley.

he last one would get it brownish. I suppose they see things different."

"I don't see how they *can* see things different, if

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.



PLAYING ON THE BEACH. — J. C. Nicoll.

"That isn't a soap-bubble, it's a bowl of iridescent glass!" cried John with a laugh. "It is rather jolly. Let's walk around the corridor."

"Hold on here, John Angelo, hold on," exclaimed Teddy excitedly, pausing before a street scene on a rainy night, by Mr. Lungren. "Here's a picture, now! Isn't that a regular soaker of a rain? I guess that



EARLY MORNING BY THE SEA. — Walter Satterlee.

old chap's mad he forgot his umbrella. Just see how blurry the gas-lights look through the sleet, and how the rubber overcoats shine! Wouldn't it be fun to splash around there with our rubber boots on?"

John Angelo peered at the picture, then turned to his friend with a disgusted expression. "See here, Teddy," he said, "I'm ashamed of you; that isn't any kind of a picture. What sort of drawing is that? Do you call that a horse? Why, it's only a blot. Your little sister could make a better horse than that."

"I don't care, it's nice and sloppy," grumbled Teddy Landseer, yet somewhat quenched; "besides, I've heard my father say that pictures are not made to

be smelled of. If you stand far enough off that horse looks all right."

"You're a regular impressionist!" sneered John Angelo.

"I ain't either," retorted Teddy Landseer hotly. "What is an impressionist?"

"It's a fellow who slings his palette at his canvas, and then sits down and moans over it till he imagines it's a picture," replied John Angelo hotly. "Honest-true, father and two other artists sat down before an 'impression' and tried their level best to make it out. One of the gentlemen thought it was a study

of a sheepskin hung up in a tan-yard; the other said it was a waterfall tumbling over rocks; and father thought it was meant for a terrier dog and two cats. They got the catalogue, and found it was a *Study of a Beech Tree*."

"I don't care," said Teddy; "I heard a lady say that a picture you could understand wasn't good for anything. There *must* be mystery in it. What kind of pictures do *you* like?"

"I like to have things look real," answered the dreamy-eyed, Vandyke-collared John Angelo. "Look at Mr. Woods' *Reporter*. That's a real live man. You



IN YE GOOD OLDE TIMES — E.L. Sangunetti



ALMOND BLOSSOMS. — *Eleanor Greatorex.*

couldn't take him for a beech tree. See him a-inter-viewing! Look at his eyes — sly as a fox, and his pencil is just scooting over that paper. He's got items enough for a whole newspaper now."

Without being able definitely to express it, the boys had discovered the grand division in the art of to-day, and recognized that artists were either impressionists — those who see broadly a sudden effect,

in a momentary glimpse through a closing door get a picture full of force but without finish or detail; and realists — the men of careful elaboration, who count nothing too trivial to be conscientiously finished. Of course the perfect artist would be the man great enough to catch and hold



DORDRECHT MILKMAID. — *C. Y. Turner.*

the quality and effect of the first sketch, while also sufficiently skilful and painstaking to give every part of the picture its rightful finish.

Yes, they had come at the outset upon a "difference in seeing things." They found also that there were

differences in *feeling* — that there were the idealists and the prose painters. Some artists invested commonest subjects with poetry, as Mr. Wyant and Mr. Gifford in their tender meadows and desolate moors, which might so easily have been only stretches of tiresome land. There were the brothers Smillie, too, who could not paint an old pine or a hemlock without making it look like a hero, and telling you by means of its gaunt, twisted arms how many fierce storms it had wrestled with and conquered. There was one pic-



CARRIAGES OF VENICE. — *Robert Blum*

ture which sturdy Teddy Landseer particularly admired, by Mr. George Smillie. It was a view at Pigeon Cove — a rocky pasture, with a misty bay in the distance, a lighthouse showing vaguely white upon an island. But then Teddy Landseer would be likely to like all the pictures, without respect to manner or method, which represented the sea, or was in any way connected with it. He lost his heart to Mr. Edward Moran's little fisher-maid waiting for the boats in her quaint wooden shoes, the wind playing with her hair as she held the great basket ready for



OLD ICE-HOUSE NEAR SARATOGA — *James D. Smillie.*



A FLOWER GIRL.—Frederic W. Freer.

of an artist seated by a rude fishing-hut, painting a fisher-girl with basket poised lightly on her head.

"There's *nothing* like the sea,"

he said to John Angelo, who was admiring Mr. Nicoll's lovely *Playing on the Beach*. "I had a taste of it last summer—it was splendid."

"I don't like the taste of it at all," replied John Angelo literally. "It's too salt."

The *Wreck of a Tricorne*, by Mr. Bloodgood, came in also for its share of Teddy's admiration. In fact, he sought out nearly every marine in the gallery. John Angelo did not particularly care for nautical subjects, and stopped whenever he could before the flower pictures, pausing long at every study by Miss Fidelia Bridges. Her *Cobwebs* was perhaps the most exquisite of all, but he liked as well the *Flock of Chickadees*, the *Water-lilies*, and the swallows

the fish. He admired wholesale, Mr. Quartley's pictures: the old boat-house which had once been a ship itself, the boats, so gay with flags, awaiting the New London regatta, and the ships with bulging, flapping sails lying becalmed, the surf rolling in on Narragansett beach, and the sketch of menhaden fishermen. He also stopped by Mr. Satterlee's picture

them," said he. But Teddy looked at them indifferently, and John with a sniff pulled him along before Miss Abbott's *Flowers of the Frost*, and *Algerian Snow*, by Miss Greatorex.

"Here's something splashy and bold enough to suit you," he said.

"I don't understand the name," replied Teddy.

"Algeria is in Africa—they don't have snow there."



FIGARO.—C. S. Reinhart.

"I wish the birds knew how that lady loves

and their white petals fill the air like snowflakes.



"DEM WAS GOOD OLE TIMES" — *T. Hovenden.*

Can't you just smell them, and don't you wish you were there?"

But Teddy had jumped away for a closer view of the policeman and highwayman in Mr. Sanguinetti's picture, and John ran on to find that tremendously funny picture, in the other room, *Coming thro' the Rye*—two little mice, already famous, kissing each other.

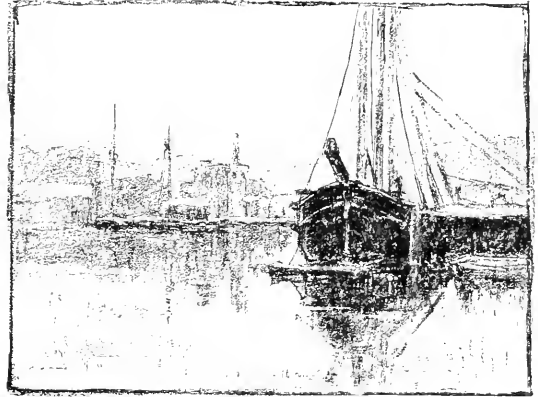
Teddy declared he didn't like funny pictures, they hardly ever seemed funny to him. He admitted there was one in the corridor that was really delicious: a little Puck bunting a kid.

"Bye baby bunting, that is what the artist ought to have called it," said John.

"Here's another of the kind I like," said Teddy. "*The Witch's Daughter*, and the owl sitting on the moon. I like Mr. Church, I do! I

say, John Angelo, what do they call a man who paints fairy-stories like that: things that couldn't be, you know?"

"I heard a lady say in father's studio the other night, that Mr. Church was the greatest imaginative



MORNING — *C. M. Dewey.*

painter of the day. There is another artist, Mr. Vedder, who paints queer things too, which you'd like. I don't see any of his here, though."

"What makes that picture look so funny?" asked Teddy. "This is a water-color exhibition, but that picture looks like an oil painting."

John Angelo screwed up his eye, looked through his hand after the manner of his elders, then shook his head. "Let's ask the Professor."

"There are two methods of working in water color," explained the Professor. "One is called



REFLECTIONS — *Percy Moran.*

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

transparent, or pure water color; the other opaque, or body color."

"Then artists paint different as well as see and feel different," said Teddy despondently.

"Certainly," replied the Professor; "transparent water color is considered the more legitimate. In it the white of the paper serves instead of a white pigment, and all the washes are transparent. The effect is entirely different when Chinese white is used, and the method, which the French call *guache*, of piling on color as in oil, is employed. Mr. Church's paintings are good examples of body color; Mr. Freer's clear and brilliant heads, of pure water color."

"I like that petticoat," said John Angelo, looking critically at a picture of Mr. Freer's, to which the Professor had called his attention.

"Yes," replied the latter; "it is painted with the knife."

"With the knife?"

"If you look carefully you will see that the quilted



TEACHING A NEW TUNE P. B. Hols.

effect is rendered by scratching the paper with a knife-blade. Mr. Turner's fine *Dordrecht Milkmaid* is another good example of body color."

"Isn't she splendid, and don't her milk-cans shine? I wish she sold us our milk — how good and clean she looks!" said John.

"She is *solid*, and real," said Teddy; "I suppose that is the reason the artist painted her in that heavy kind of painting."

"Mr. Blum's pictures," continued the Professor, "you will find, on the other hand, to be pure water colors."

"Oh, I know his pictures, they are the romantic ones," said Teddy; "I like 'em. Here's one, *Carriages of Venice*. I just like gondolas. The water's good, but I wish he had finished the house more."

"He's one of your impressionists," retorted John Angelo. "He didn't see any



OFF DUTY T. de Thulstrup

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.



DUCKS — Mary L. Stone.

more of the house the first time he looked."

"Then why didn't he look again?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe it wouldn't have been so pretty. I don't think artists need to paint everything *just* as they see it, like a photographic machine. When I paint I mean to choose, and not put in every old ash-barrel that happens to be in the way. I don't like it."

"Ugly things are nice, sometimes," declared John. "They are strong and bold, and you can be sure whether they are painted well, because you see them every day."

Teddy shrugged his sturdy shoulders. "One sees too much of them, and in pictures where we can have what we please we might have only pleasant

things. Did you hear what that little girl said as she passed that picture of *Figaro*?"

"The barber cutting the hair of that hideous old man? No: what was it?"

"She saw the artist's signature, C. S. Reinhart, underneath, and I suppose she must have known Mr. Reinhart, for she screamed right out, 'That's *not* a



IN THE COUNTRY. — Percival de Luce.

portrait of Mr. Reinhart! He doesn't look one bit like that!"

Just here they discovered the lovely things by Mr. Leon and Mr. Percy Moran. Both Teddy and John knew the artists — hardly more than boys themselves. Teddy went wild over Mr. Percy's *Reflections*, a pretty young lady in a boat, with a swan beside her; and John Angelo was almost as enthusiastic over Mr. Leon's *Flower Market near the Madeleine*, though he finally concluded he liked best the *Evening* in the other room, and ended by saying, "Those Moran boys are what they call idealists, you know. I like the real pictures better. Did you ever see anything



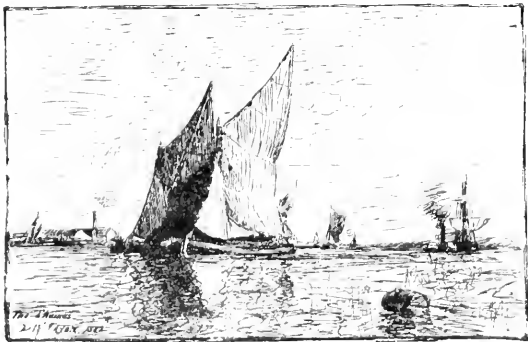
INSIDE SANDY HOOK. — Chas. Parsons.



RETURN FROM CORN-HUSKING. — Leon Moran

more natural than that old darkey's face in Mr. Hoven-den's *Dem was good ole Times*? It seems as if the next minute he'd lay down his pipe, pick up that banjo, and give us 'Old Kentucky Home.'

Then 'Teddy called him to see the boy of Mr. Hahs' *Teaching the Mocking-bird a new Tune*. John Angelo



ON THE HAMLS. — D. W. Fryer.

tried to tempt him away to look at Thulstrup's *Off Duty* sentinel.

"I say, Teddy," cried he, "did you ever see a fellow more really sleepy? You can almost see his head bob. In another minute he'll drop over on to the bench. I guess the model's neck ached that posed for that picture."

But 'Teddy returned to Mr. Hahs' *Mocking-bird*.

He enjoyed the understanding which the boy and bird evidently had with each other. "How could Mr. Hahs get *that* feeling into a picture?" he said again and again. From this he passed on to a little duck of a girl doing out her doll's wash in a trough. "I'd just like to kiss her," he said.

John Angelo came along and regarded the picture languidly.

"That is by Miss Stone," said he. "I heard father talking about her. She has painted in Ecouen, and is under the influence of Edouard Frère, the French genre painter. He paints happy peasant children with white caps and shiny por-ringers. Father makes fun of them; he says it is the kiss-me-mamma style of painting."

Teddy flushed. "Then it's a very nice style, that is all I can say," he retort-ed manfully.

"Of course, if you like it," replied John Angelo, non-chalantly, "and



SPANISH GIPSY FEEDING PIGEONS. — Gerome Ferris.



THE PINK OF (OLD) FASHION — FRAGMENT. — W. H. Lippincott.

"No, in a picture, of course, by Gerome Ferris. Isn't that a dandy suit, though? Black jacket, red sash, green knee-breeches, and leather spatter-dashes. I don't like the way people dress nowadays. Do you?"

"I think ladies and little girls look pretty," replied Teddy honestly.

"Of course they look *pretty*; but see Mrs. Smillie's *As She Comes Down the Stairs* — that's old-fashioned,

if you're fond of ducks and chicken-fixings there's a picture by Mr. De Luce in the corridor to suit you: a little chap feeding chickens; and there's a Spanish gipsy feeding some more in the other room. They are fearfully tame."

"Really?"

more prettily than most of the nowadays ladies?"

"I guess so; but Mr. Abbey's ladies are old-fashioned too, and I *don't* think their clothes are pretty."

"You mean the green young lady by the wall. That's because you are only a boy, Teddy, and don't know. But I take notice everybody that *does* know likes them. It is childish, Teddy, to like pink and gay blues better than you do can't-exactly-tell-what-you-are colors, and my mother says Mr. Abbey's old-fashioned people in the magazines look as though they had stepped right out of the last century."

But Teddy had found some more ships in Mr. Tryon's *On the Thames*. "Wouldn't it be jolly," said John Angelo dreamily, "to be a pirate and paint some stirring marines from the life?"

"You'd be pretty sure then of being well hung, my lad," remarked the Professor, who happened to be within ear-shot.

"Yes, and probably engraved as well," added a punning etcher.

"And then," said an illustrator, who was always disgusted with the way in which his drawings were



MATERNAL ANXIETY. — F. D. Millet.

and it's so sweet and simple; and don't you think that Mr. Lippincott's *Pink of Old Fashion* is dressed

reproduced in the magazines, "in the natural course of things you would be mortified."



UNDER THE TOWERS, DEC., 1881.—F. Hopkinson Smith.

"Put him out, put him out!" exclaimed his companions in chorus; and the children passed on until held spell-bound by a charming picture of Mr. Shelton's, *Grandfather on Guard*. "He looks good enough," said Teddy, "to let those children take his crutches to play soldier with."

"Here, Teddy," called John Angelo, "just look at that little girl, by Mr. Frank Millett. Isn't she just enjoying herself!"

"She looks scared," said Teddy.

"Can't you see she's making it? She has seen that wolf-skin rug a thousand times, and she knows perfectly well that it can't hurt her; but she has been looking at the pictures in her story of Red Riding Hood, and she is acting it out to

herself. She hugs her dolly, and pretends she is afraid the wolf will eat it."

"And she has got herself to half believe what she is playing," said Teddy admiringly. "Hurrah for Mr. Millett!"

John Angelo began to yawn—Teddy would have paced about all night—and said:

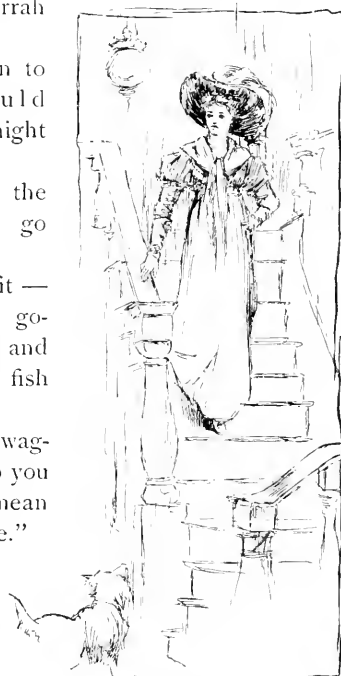
"Come, let's see the bridge, and then go home!"

"Oh, I've seen it— isn't the old wagon going over it natural, and wouldn't you like to fish over the side?"

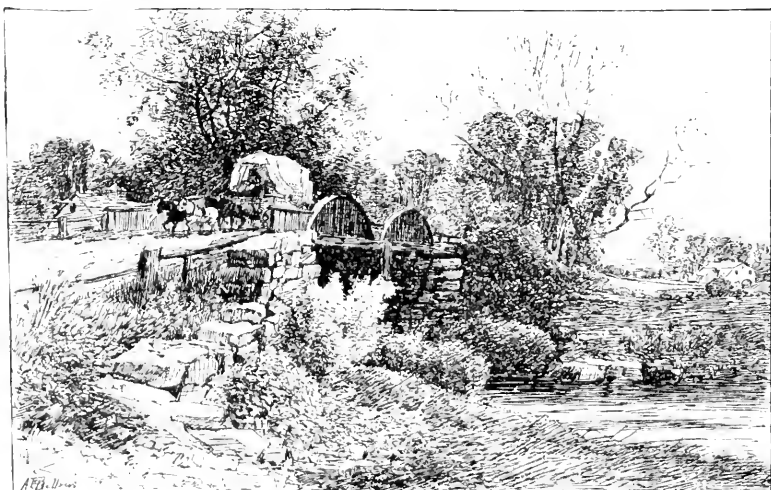
"I didn't see any wagon. What bridge do you mean, anyhow? I mean the Brooklyn Bridge."

"I mean Mr. Bellows' bridge—that jolly New England landscape."

"Oh, that's easy enough. But if you want work, look at Mr. Hopkinson Smith's bridge—just think of all them ropes, will you? Such a lot of drawing! Come along—my neck aches."



"AS SHE COMES DOWN THE STAIRS."
—N. S. Jacobs Smillie.



PRIDE'S BRIDGE, ME.—A. F. Bellows.

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

"Well," said Teddy, "I am glad the committee did send back a thousand of the pictures. I

was first started, it was the hardest work to get enough pictures together to make an exhibition. Mr. James Smillie, who was one of the first presidents, said they had to rake and scrape everywhere to get a few poor things. Didn't reject no thousand pictures—no, sir! They hung architects' plans and engineers' maps to help cover the walls, and accepted tinted drawings for albums, and examples of spread-eagle penmanship. They were tickled to death to get sixty pictures from one man, and thought they were amazing lucky! But what do you think, anyhow, about 'em and their methods?"



GRANDFATHER ON GUARD.—W. H. Shelton.

guess both our necks would have ached then!"

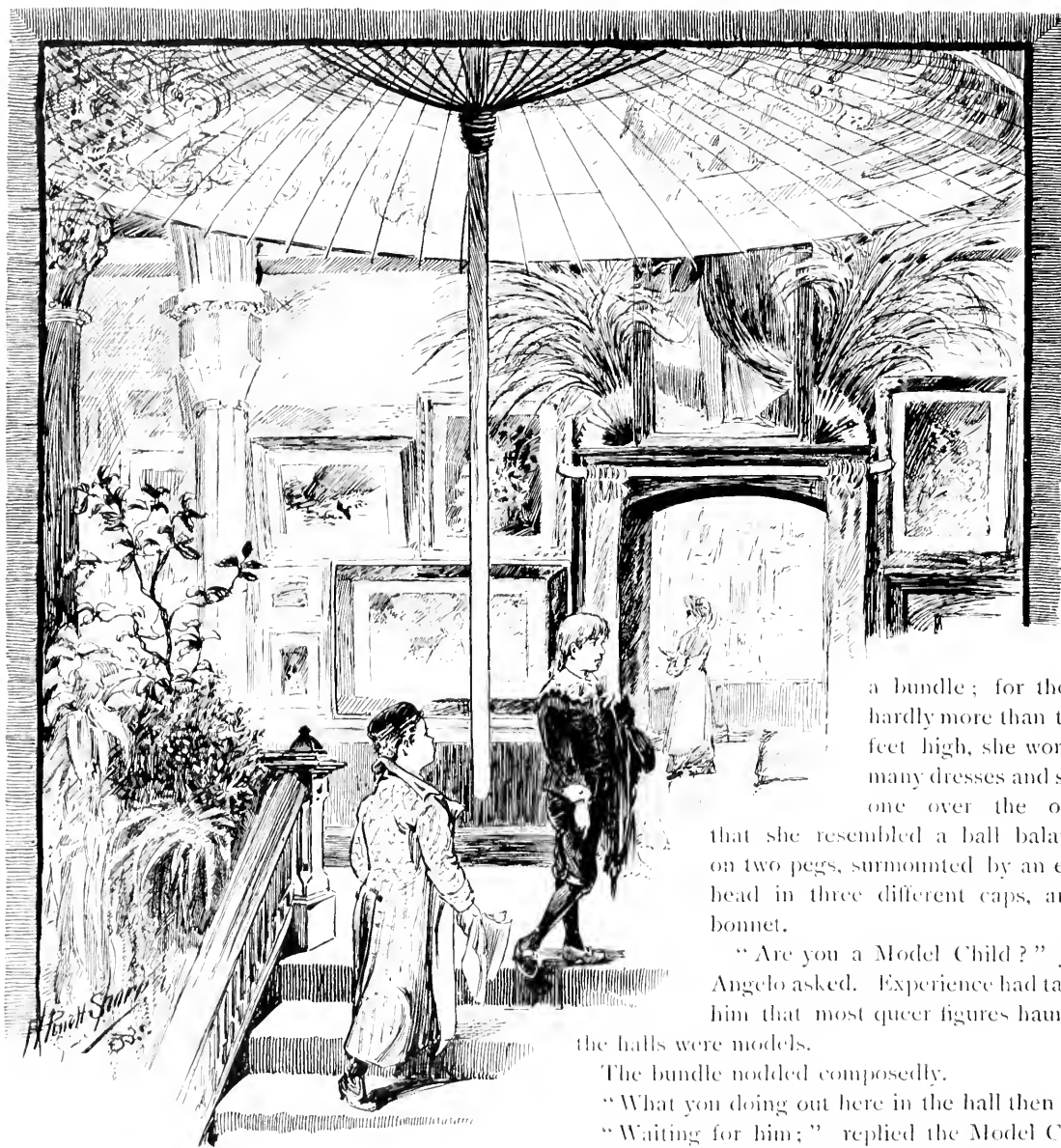
"Just think," said John Angelo, recalling some more studio talk: "when the Water Color Society

"I think," said Teddy Landseer, slowly, "I think it's just a 'go as you please' business, and the more the merrier."



JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE "WATER COLOR."

(Exhibition of 1883.)



AT THE ENTRANCE.

JOHN ANGELO stared hard at her, and it was no wonder; for a queerer little bundle of humanity rarely entered the studio-building. She was literally

a bundle; for though hardly more than three feet high, she wore so many dresses and suits, one over the other,

that she resembled a ball balanced on two pegs, surmounted by an elfish head in three different caps, and a bonnet.

"Are you a Model Child?" John Angelo asked. Experience had taught him that most queer figures haunting

the halls were models.

The bundle nodded composedly.

"What you doing out here in the hall then?"

"Waiting for him;" replied the Model Child, pointing to the closed door of one of the studios.

"Then you come in here with me and Teddy Landseer. He's got 'back directly' on his door. That means he's gone over to Brooklyn to cash a check, or up to Harlem to see his girl, or maybe to Jersey to make a sketch."

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE "WATER COLOR."



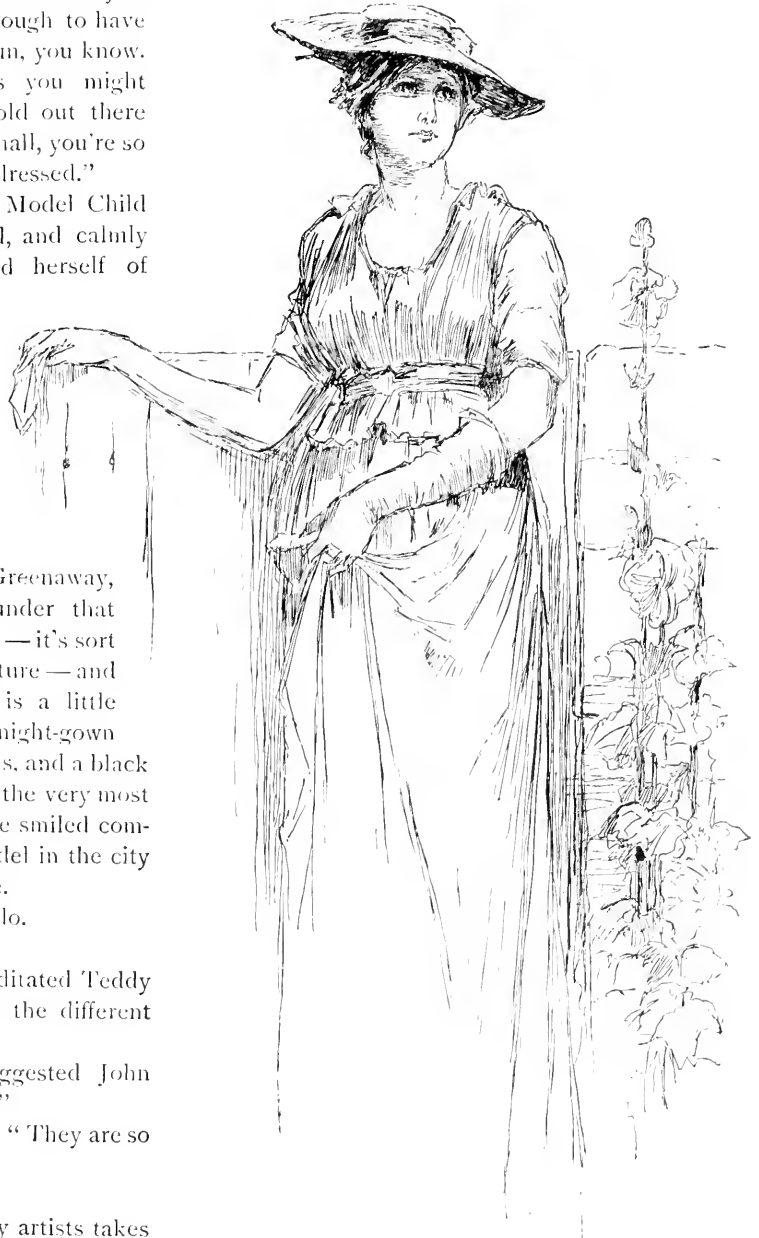
THE MODEL CHILD.

"Come along, girl," added Teddy Landseer, popping up from behind an easel; "we've got this studio all to ourselves this morning. We both are too sick to go to school, just sick enough to have some fun, you know. Besides you might take cold out there in the hall, you're so thinly dressed."

The Model Child entered, and calmly divested herself of a poke

and swashes and splashes it over everything. He gets his studio soaking wet. I used to have bronchitis and diphtheritis when I first posed for him. I did, so. Now I wear my water-rubber-proof inside my gown when I go there."

John Angelo and Teddy Landseer, being artists' sons, knew enough of studio ways not to be surprised at this recital. "Well, what of it?" Teddy inquired



AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE (FRAGMENT).—Frederick Dielman.

bonnet, a Tam o' Shanter, a scarlet Persian fez, and a Normandy lace cap. "I've got a pink sun-bonnet in my pocket," she said as John Angelo drew a prolonged whistle. "Mother didn't know which picture he might want to paint on, and so I wore all my dresses. This top one is my Mother Hubbard, and next comes a Kate Greenaway, and then a blue peasant suit, and under that my very best white Swiss and pink sash—it's sort of rimped, but that don't show in a picture—and then my Dolly Varden chintz; next is a little spangled gauze fairy dress, and then my night-gown for the little girl looking for Santa Claus, and a black dress for the orphanless child, and then the very most last is a gypsy boy's suit," and here she smiled complacently, as though if there were a model in the city that understood her business it was she.

"Like to pose?" queried John Angelo.

"Hate it!"

"I should think it would be fun," meditated Teddy Landseer, "to get acquainted with all the different artists and see their studios."

"And you might learn a lot," suggested John Angelo, "watching them at their work."

"Can't," snapped the Model Child. "They are so various."

"So what?"

"They do it so different. One of my artists takes a great wash bowl of water and paddles and paddles,

cooly. "If the picture is good, I don't care if it is done in a laundry."

"Mr. Dielman don't paint laundry," calmly proceeded the Model. "He's careful, nice."



SOMETHING ADRIFT. — S. R. Burleigh.

"You're right," assented John Angelo; "Mr. Dielman isn't afraid to finish, and his work isn't the least bit finicky either. I've found out a difference between finish and finick. Ted, do you remember his 'Old Time Favorites,' the lady by the gate with the sunflowers on each side of her? She looked like a sunflower herself, so straight and stately with that old-fashioned hat shading her eyes. When I paint, I'm going to paint like that."

"You don't know how you're going to paint," replied Teddy Landseer philosophically. "You can't tell how you'll see things by that time. Maybe the lady'll stand by the gate all right, but you'll be seeing a sunset, and you'll get her and the sunflowers and everything else all lost in the color and the haze and the glow, and where'll be your finish then? But, old fellow, I do like some sorts of finish myself. There's those bird and flower pictures of Miss Bridges. I believe Miss Bridges used to be a bird before she was a lady. Her drawing is as fine as if it was done with

a humming-bird's quill. When I look at her pictures it seems to me that no painting which is not just as delicate can be the right thing; but all the same, when I stood yesterday, 'way across the gallery and saw Miss Eleanor Greatorex' trumpet-creeper—great dashing spots of color that burn and flaunt just as the gaudy flowers themselves do out in the sunshine—why, I had to give in that things may be different and yet each be good. They *have* to paint 'various,' O Model Child!"

"Let's go over," said John. "Don't you remember what a lark it was going last year together? Half of the fun of going to a picture gallery, somebody has said, is to have some one with you to nudge and pinch and wink at over the poor things and the good ones. I say, Model Child, don't you want to come with us?" She shook her head.

"Don't like to go 'mongst swells."

"Oh, come now!" exclaimed Teddy, "you look as swelled as any of them."

But a brisk step sounded in the hall. It was the artist who had engaged the services of the Model



FISHERMEN IN PORT. — A. F. Bellows.

Child, eager for his work, and the boys set out on their Art-pilgrimage alone.

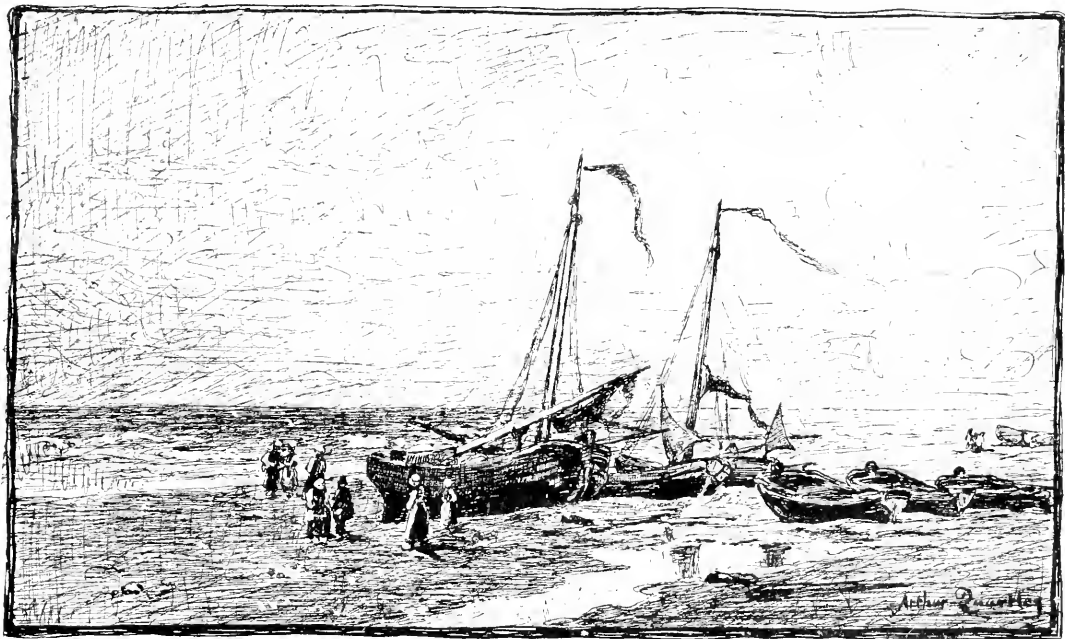
"Aren't the decorations gorgeous?" Teddy murmured admiringly as they mounted the staircase.

"Yes; Beckwith knows how to do a good thing," replied John Angelo. "That great Japanese umbrella looks as if it was painted in water color too, and seems really to belong here, for a wonder."

"Now what I like about artists," announced Teddy Landseer, "is that they travel and see all sorts of nice places. They are explorers, you know, and they bring you back a kind of thing the writing-

blue water that Mr. Nicoll paints so well! Here we coast along in sight of Mr. Granville Perkins' and Mr. Silva's beaches! Now we sight Mr. Bricher's old wreck with the rusty nails starting out! Now we rake up something adrift with Mr. Burleigh! Hurrah! we hail Mr. Bellows' *Fishermen coming into Port*. This is the sort of thing, Ted?" he ended, out of breath, with an indulgent smile at his chum.

"I'd rather have it a little more so. Give *me* a sea running like that in Mr. Gifford's picture yonder



ON THE BEACH AT ZANDVOORD. — *Arthur Quartley.*

travellers can't capture. Just look around the walls of this Academy!" cried Teddy warming up, "you can make the tour of the world without leaving the building. What jolly fun to strap on one's sketch-box and do it really! This is a regular Cook's excursion ticket exhibit—let's count up places, for the fun of the thing!"

"All right," responded John Angelo, "I'm in for imagining! Here goes: We can be war correspondents, as Mr. Frank Millet was, and go to Russia or follow the Jeannette expedition and paint icebergs, or chum with Stanley, and while he shoots lions paint them like Ernest Grisct. We'll begin here in the east room and charter that schooner of Mr. Edward Moran. See how we dance over the water, a stiff breeze behind us! Here we make straight for the

—makes me think of the storm just before the shipwreck in Robinson Crusoe—clew up the fore-top-sail, balance reef the mainsail, haul down the standing jib, let her drive—and maybe have the luck to be cast away at the foot of those old quarries of Mr. Richards', and we'd make a fire in the caverns and cook gull's eggs. There now!"

"Looks 's if there'd be better fishing off there in Mr. H. P. Smith's picture, only there's a ground swell on," replied John Angelo, humoring Teddy's vein. "I'd rather do Easthampton with Mr. H. Bolton Jones, or Horseneck Beach with Mr. Tryon, or Long Beach with Mr. Cropsey."

"John Angelo, you hug the shore like a regular land-lubber. Now let me lay out the chart. If Mr. Quartley don't object, I'd man that fishing-smack,

make a straight course for the North Sea, strike Mr. Gifford off Holland, pass Mr. Satterlee's *Sea-weed Gatherers* on the coast of France, and anchor just as Mr. Quartley does over here in sight of San Marco in Venice, with Mr. Blum alongside in the next gondola."

"There, that'll do, Ted," laughed John Angelo. "Now let us look around and enjoy ourselves."

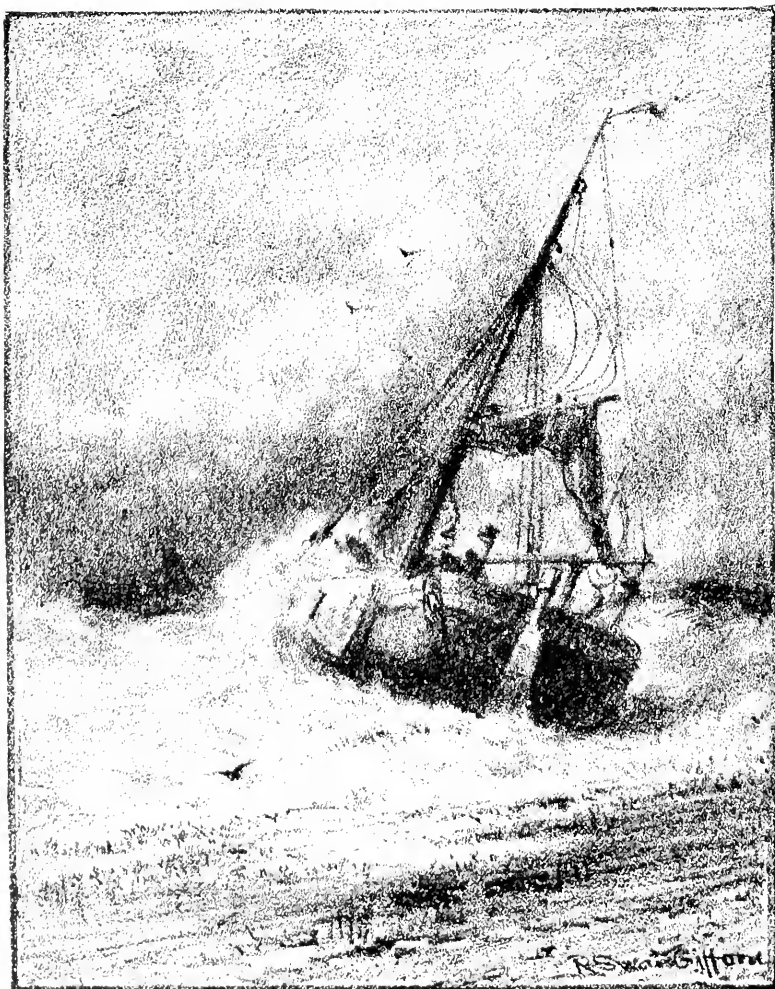
The adventure-loving Ted paused a moment before some inviting cliffs of Mr. Thomas Moran, then joined his friend. "All right," said he, "I heard mother saying last night that one of the pictures that looks as if two artists had enjoyed themselves while painting it, was in the south gallery."

"Ar'n't you a little mixed with your grammar? How could two artists enjoy painting one picture?"

"They did though. Mr. Parsons painted the landscape and Mr. Abbey the figures. Here we are; look now!" This was the uneventful kind of water that seemed to suit John Angelo. "Well," said he, "this is



SWAMP WILLOWS. — Geo. H. Smillie.



ROUGH WEATHER. — R. Swain Gifford.

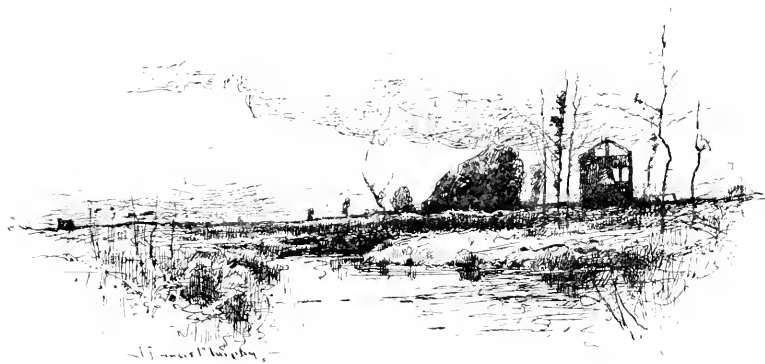
something like, and they seem to fit right into each other. How lovely the foreground is, the church peeping through the trees, and the girls lovelier than all! I tell you what, Ted, two artists must be pretty good friends as well as painters to set off each other's work so nicely."

"Perhaps you and I'll do it some day," dreamed Ted.

"Perhaps; but we don't see many grown men our kind of friends. Move on! I'm glad we've got among the landscapes."

John Angelo didn't play at enthusiasm now.

"Here, see this autumn view by Mr. McEntie, with maples all aflame! and this harvest scene by Mr. Shurtleff I like even better; and here is a delicate, exquisite view by Mr. Bruce Crane — ah, *he* can use water colors! Hallo! Mr. H. Bolton Jones, your winter is just beautiful! Oh, see how that snow lies so soft, so thick! and the ice on that little creek gleams green between the banks, while the trees make a purple fringe against the sky — that's the way I'm going to han-



MARSH LANDS.—J. Francis Murphy.

dle water colors!—and Mr. Murphy has some nice “They look about as slangy as you talk,” retorted John Angelo after a long pause, during which he duly “squinted up his eyes.”

“How can pictures be slangy?”

“I s’pose they can be coarse.”

“John Angelo, that doesn’t pretend to be a picture in your sense of the word—it’s an *impression*, and I tell you it’s *strong*.”

“So is a knock-down blow; but I don’t like it.”

“And I do. That’s it; you can’t argue about such



“ALONG THE SHORE OF SILVER STREAMING THEMES.”—Abbey-Parsons.

right in their pictures, between a canoe-birch and a hemlock. They know enough, too, when they paint a hemlock always to put a spruce hugging up beside it. Those trees are lovers, and can’t bear to be parted any more than golden-rod and asters.”

“To hear you talk, Ted, one would think trees were alive.”

“So they are; but it isn’t every artist can paint the life into them, not even enough so that you can tell an elm from a maple.”

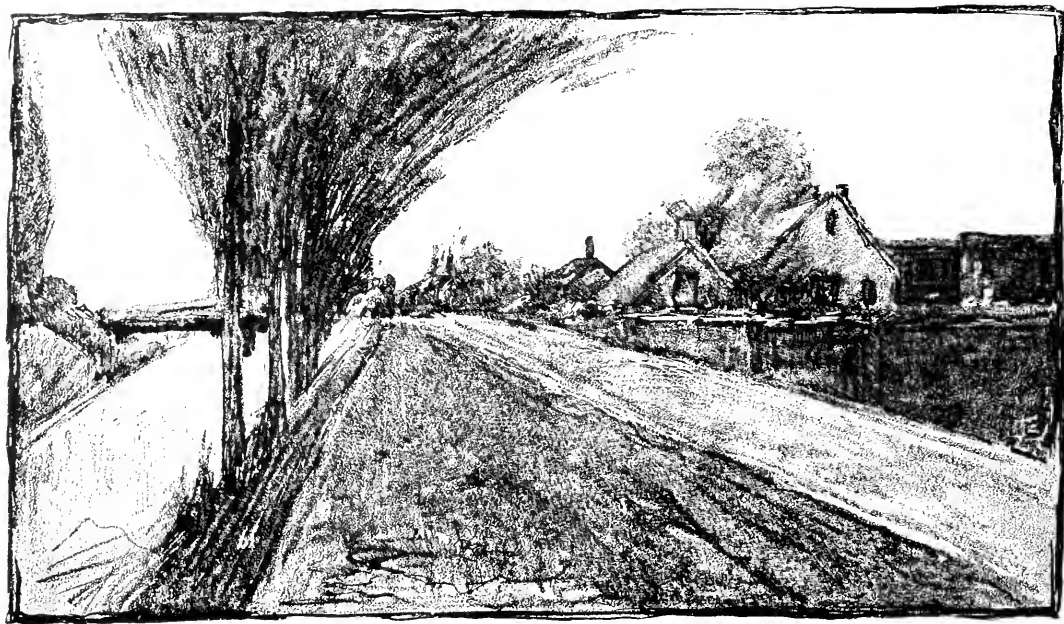
“I like Mr. Farrar’s landscapes pretty well,” said John Angelo: “his

melting autumn browns are so restful. Mr. Gibson’s and Mr. Nicoll’s are dainty yet natural, too. I wouldn’t mind going to sleep under that fence half-buried with wild flowers. But, Ted Landseer, did you ever see anything so horrid as those things by Mr. Currier? *Are* those trees, or *are* they old brooms stuck in the mud?”

Ted fired up at this. “They may look queer at this distance, but come away to this side of the gallery, squint up your eyes, and they look mighty real. Mr. Currier knows what he’s about.”



NOW CAME THE EVENING ON.—Henry Farrer.



STREET IN SCHLIESHEIM. — J. Frank Currier.

things as Mr. Currier's pictures. Either you like 'em or you don't. Mr. Chase is an impressionist too. What do you think of his *Lady in Black*?"

"I like her dress, but she hasn't any face," returned John Angelo promptly.



A LADY IN BLACK. — Wm. M. Chase.

"Nevertheless I dare you to forget either her or Mr. Currier's picture. They make an impression, I tell you, and Mr. Chase would tell you, that if you looked at the whole figure you wouldn't notice the face much, but that you would carry away a very strong impression that the lady was dressed in black."

"But see here, I don't care what she's dressed in! In that case, what does the picture amount to? I'd rather see a pretty lady's face than the handsomest dress that ever was made! Talking about faces, did you ever see anything lovelier than Mr. Freer's *Annie Laurie* or Mr. Beckwith's peasant girl with the spotted handkerchief tied around her head? And only look at Mr. Winslow Homer's fisher girls—you never could remember what they had on, and you couldn't forget their faces if you tried. That's the kind of impression I want made on me."

"Very well. My side of the argument is good yet," said Ted. "Now Mr. Kappes paints in a dashing, careless-looking way, but he knows what he's doing, and doesn't he get a lot of character into his faces! See this poor old lady singing the *Last Hymn*. Mr. Chase simply didn't choose you should remember the face—but a lady dressed in black."

"Well, I ain't going to argue," said John Angelo. "They paint 'various,' as said the Model. Still I do

like finish. There's Mr. Thulstrup with his little Swedish girl and her mother trudging off to church



ANNIE LAURIE. — Fred W. Freer.

together. See that tot lugging an umbrella nearly as big as herself. Her face is just bubbling over with fun."

"Let's go back into the south room," said Ted. "There is Mr. Lasher, the art critic, talking with the Professor about Mr. Smedley's old Quaker gentleman. Let's hear what they are saying."

"What I really would like to know more about," confided John Angelo, "is why water color is so popular, and how it differs from oils. When I asked father the difference, he laughed and answered with a French rhyme:

*La peinture à l'huile
Est la plus difficile.
Mais c'est bien plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau.*

"He said it might be translated:

Painting in oil demands the most toil,
But what can be duller
Than pure water-color?

"Now, I think, Ted, that water colors are as handsome as oils, and, as the Model Child says, they are a great deal more 'various'—it must be so hard to get both delicacy and distinctness in oils."

An artist dressed in a careless and somewhat

eccentric way was just concluding some remarks in reference to the picture as the boys came up.

"Good character study, first-rate," he said. "Mr. Smedley is one of the strong men among the Realists. How much better a truth-recording thing like this will be a half century from now when no one will be alive who has ever seen such an antiquated old gentleman, than a picture of the imagination."

"My dear fellow," replied the Professor kindly, "this picture is valuable for the reason which you give; but the Idealists have their place too. Such a picture as Mr. Church's *Lion in Love* will be as charming at any period as it is now."

The artist nodded his head an indefinite number of times, and somewhat violently. "Oh! Mr. Church of course. Every one admires Mr. Church and his poetic fancies, but what do you say, for instance, of Mr. Brennan's *Day*?"

"Means the horned lady in the corridor, that you called the conundrum," whispered Teddy.

Here the art critic spoke. He wore a very unhappy expression, by the way.



SUNDAY IN DELECARIA. — T. de Thulstrup.

"I confess that I, the autocrat of taste who am supposed to instruct the public definitely in what they should and should not admire, am not a little puzzled by Mr. Brennan."

"Whew, now!" exclaimed John Angelo softly, "if here isn't a newspaper man who says he doesn't know something!"

"The exhibition," remarked the Professor, "is not, and should not, be confined to one clique or school, it should represent every aim and every method: the brilliant pure washes of the Spanish-Italian school, the loading of gray paper with Chinese white after the Dutch manner; Literalists and Idealists, Realists, Impressionists, and even Affectationists, should all have a place here, as they have. To my mind every artist ought to be allowed to pursue any method by which he best can bring about a pleasurable result, be that result a suggestive sketch affording scope to the imagination, or an exquisitely finished picture ministering complete satisfaction to the critical faculty."

"The Professor is a gentleman," remarked John Angelo as they turned away. "*That* sounds like 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' I am tired of seeing so many pictures at once. Let's go home and talk them over with the Model Child and come again in the afternoon."

The studio door was open and they could see the child posed upon the model stand, reaching out a spoon after imaginary jam. She heard the boys in the corridor and her arm dropped wearily.

"You are tired," said the compassionate artist. "Take this stick of candy and go rest."

She threw off her poke bonnet and donned her Normandy cap as though the complete change of head gear were a comfort, and ran out to the boys.

They reported to her the Professor's confirmation

of her verdict that artists were "various," and that it was well for the world of picture-lovers at large that they were.

"They do paint *so* different," assented the Model Child, "and they *act* various, too, while they are



THE LAST HYMN. — Alfred Kappes.

painting. Some of 'em walk backward and forward, to see how their pictures will look from the other end of the room. One of my artists makes faces all the time, lots funnier than he paints: a good many of 'em never say a word, but just smoke till it's no wonder they don't get the colors right. Some whistle, and one—the one I like best—sings songs from the operas. I've seen 'em run their hands through their



PEASANT, AGAINST HAY.—J. C. Beckwith.

panoramas. That one's kind, even to toads. Once he wanted to put a frog in a picture, and he went over to Staten Island and brought one back in a tin pail, and after he had painted it the frog looked at him so sorrowful and reproachful, that he couldn't bear to kill it. He said it had helped him do his work and it deserved some pay. He wouldn't throw him away just anywhere, either, for he said the frog looked homesick for his wife and children: so he put him back into the pail, and carried him to the very swamp where he found him, so he could be happy again in his own family." "That's the sort of man for me," exclaimed Teddy Landseer. "Don't you wonder what sort of stories that frog had to tell after he got home? Likely as not he went around lecturing on art. Wonder if he found his wife and all the little froggies dressed in mourning."

"Doubtless they were all in *weds*," exclaimed a gruff voice from behind the studio door, and the children knew that the artist had

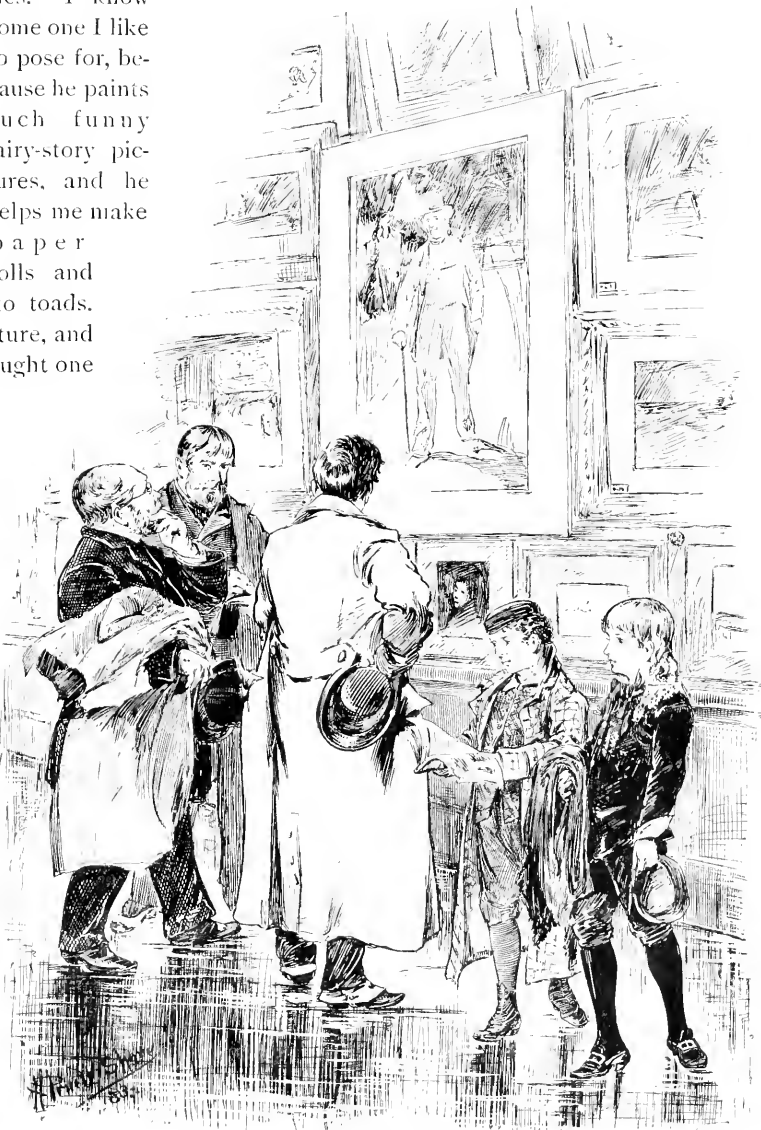
hair as if they were trying to pull themselves up taller, and scowl awful and talk to themselves: and some again talk to me, and tell me nice stories. I know some one I like to pose for, because he paints such funny fairy-story pictures, and he helps me make paper dolls and

overheard them. They scampered up one flight of stairs and sat down on some blocks of marble which had just been brought up for the sculptor.

"Tell me about the pictures over at the exhibition?" asked the Model Child. "Maybe I was in some of 'em."

John Angelo laughed and shook his head.

"That Mr. Lungren that makes pictures in the magazines," said he, "has sent home some views about the quays and parks of Paris, but he hasn't



BEFORE MR. SNEYLEY'S PICTURE, "A GENERATION AGO."

had good sketching weather, it's been raining over there like everything — you could see that. My! how his cab hire must count up! For I'll warrant those pictures of wet days and rainy nights were painted



THE MODEL POSES.

inside a hack — else how could he have kept his colors dry?"

"They are water colors you know," replied Teddy dryly, and the Model Child gravely giggled with him over his pun. "Rain don't hurt some water colors. I have seen pictures that looked just as if they had been painted in a rainstorm, with water slopped on here and spattered up there, and the paper all blistered and the colors dragged together, and as if they had been laid face down in a tub of water after they were all painted."

"Well, this isn't telling what we saw that we liked," interrupted John. "Mr. Fenn had one jolly picture of a *Mill at Marshall's Creek* and

another of *Little Mabel on Midsummer's Day* trotting down to the Lady-well to fill her pail. Did you pose for that model, or for Mr. Newell's *Cinderella*?"

The child shook her head.

"Then there was a big beach view by Mr. Turner, where a baby was having a nice time playing in the sand, and Percy and Leon Moran had some very pretty peasant-girls, and Mr. DeLuce's *Violet* is as sweet as the flower."

"And," cried Teddy, "you can't have forgotten Mr. Wood's picture of the little girl up in a barn-loft just ready to jump into her grandfather's arms. Miss

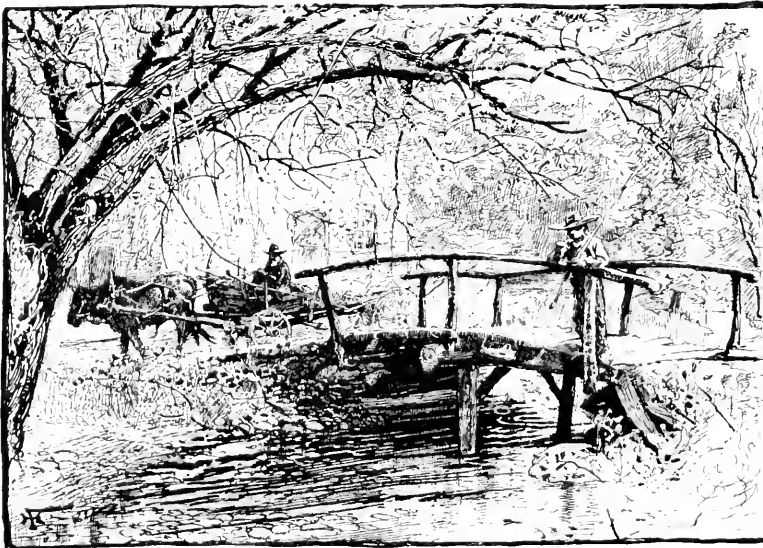
Stone's barnyard was another good one too. Then there is the old lady that Mr. Weldon painted who had come with her daughter to visit the house in which she was born. The floor is broken, and the old fireplace is falling to pieces, and there is a look in the old lady's eyes as if she felt that she and the old house were a good deal alike some way."

"I don't like sad pictures," said the Model Child. "Wasn't there any real funny ones?"

"Perhaps so. Let's see! There was a little chap playing on a whistle, by Mr.



THE MODEL RE-POSES.



MARSHALL'S CREEK, PA. — Harry Fenn.



FORTUNE TELLER. — C. D. Weldon.

J. G. Brown, and another funny little fellow by Mr. Perry, an old colored woman by Mr. Kappes, feeding her grandchild, and saying, 'Chile, you is like de bottomless pit.' Mr. Volkmar had some funny little ducks, and Mr. Edwards a regular fairy story in a procession of elves and sprites. Mr. Mitchell too had a plucky little elf climbing along a bending spray. Then Mr. Rogers exhibited a picture of a kind sister rigging up a magnificent hoop for her little brother to roll in the park."

"And," added John Angelo, "there was Mr. Lippincott's *Culture*, the queer old man puzzling over his newspaper. But after all, Model Child, let me impress upon you that there isn't anything much prettier



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." — J. G. Brown.



A JOLLY TIME. — Charles Volkmar.

in this world than flowers; and Miss Abbott's *Wayside Dandelions* are little beauties. Mrs. Dillon's roses are more aristocratic, just as roses really are, and have a refined lady-like droop; but those sturdy little beggars of dandelions holding up their jolly round faces are just like ragged country urchins trudging along. They might have grown in Mr. Waller's picture, for that was *By the Wayside* too."

"There were a good many nice flowers," reflected Teddy. "Mrs. Smillie's *Chrysanthemums* suited me, and Miss Keenan's *Roses*, but let me impress it on you, Model Child, that there isn't anything much prettier in this world than *birds*. I would like to have just such a pigeon-house as Mr. Tiffany found in St. Augustine, with just such doves in them as are fluttering around Walter Shirlaw's little girl for their crumbs. I didn't see many animals, but Mr. Shelton had some spirited horses, and Mr. Monks some sheep and lambs that were almost alive. Mr. Pattison had some too, that were ever so cunning. I'll take you to see them."

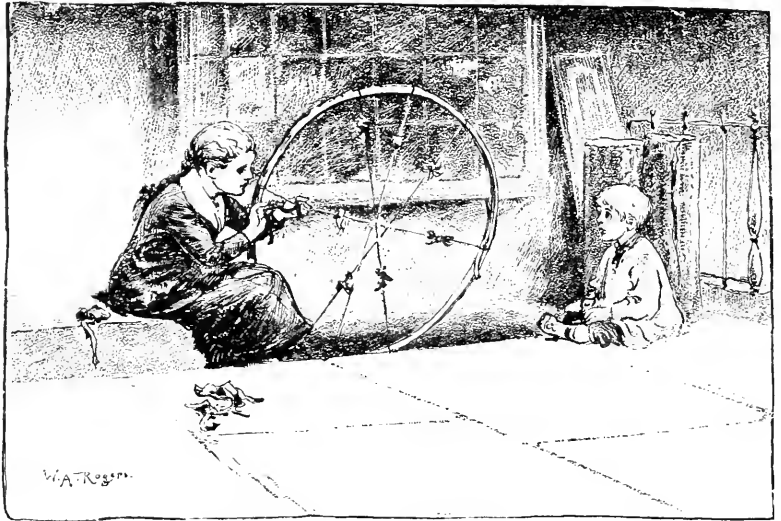


THE WOOD-NYMPH'S CALL. — G. W. Edwards.

"So'll I," said John Angelo. "You really ought to see a lot of finished pictures all together — now you see them only a scrap at a time."

The Model Child shook her head. "I don't care for pictures," she said.

John Angelo laughed: "I shouldn't think she would; picture-making is not art for her—it's



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE. — W. A. Rogers.



CULTURE. — W. H. Lippincott.

manufacture, and she's a part of the tedious machinery. I'd just like to hear a company of models discuss art, wouldn't you?"

"Mr. Millett and Mr. Blashfield had pictures of Roman ladies," remarked Teddy reflectively to John Angelo, after the Model

Child had disposed of her candy and gone back to her work, "that make my Latin seem more interesting, and there was a lady playing on an old-fashioned banjo, by Miss Weaver, that I liked. There was a cavalier too in a broad lace collar, by Mrs. Adams, who looked like a real prince, gay and courteous, but brave and noble too; and there was another dainty lady that I liked, in Hassam's *Spring-time*."

"Ted!" exclaimed John Angelo, "I have been thinking about another exhibition of pictures I went to see at an auction store the other day. They were European paintings—an awfully cheap lot. They looked like the pictures you see on cretonne—just about the same color effect—such screaming blues and greens and furious reds. You could see the artists painted them on purpose for the American public, and that they had an idea that the American public had no brains nor taste.

JOHN ANGELO VISITS THE "WATER COLOR."

And yet they were going at the fanciest prices. The money paid for one hideous thing by a Spanish artist with a big name, would have bought a half-dozen of

the little gems at the water color exhibition."

"So much the better for the right kind of picture-buyers!" cried Ted gleefully. "The ugly high-priced foreign pictures can only be bought by a few rich swells, you see, while people who are just comfortably off can afford to buy the really nice work of our own American ar-



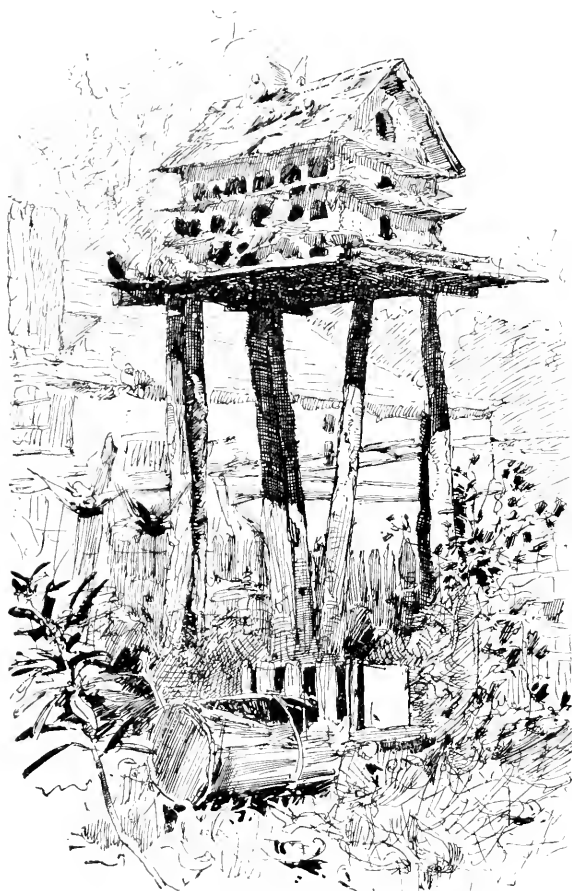
INTERMEZZO.—Miss C. Weaver.

tists instead of the photographs and engravings which used to be the best they could have. Isn't that just as it ought to be? Why, John Angelo, father says even the authors and the artists themselves are buying paintings this year! And if I were a painter I would rather have a picture of mine bought by some one who knows a good thing when he sees it, and who hasn't money enough to buy everything, so that he will cherish it, and look at it, and enjoy it, and prize the possession of it, and make a treasure of it, than by the wealthiest millionaire that ever lived if he didn't really care for the picture any more than for his wall-paper. I often think how an artist who can see both the beauty and the art in a very fine picture must wish he could buy it."

"I heard a lady say," remarked John Angelo, "that 'art decoration' was going out; that plush plaques with bunches of artificial flowers hung on them, ginger jars and drain-pipe, cat-



CRUMBS.—Walter Shirlaw.



A STUDY IN ST. AUGUSTINE.—*Louis C. Tiffany.*

tails and storks were no longer thought to be precious things. And the other lady she was talking

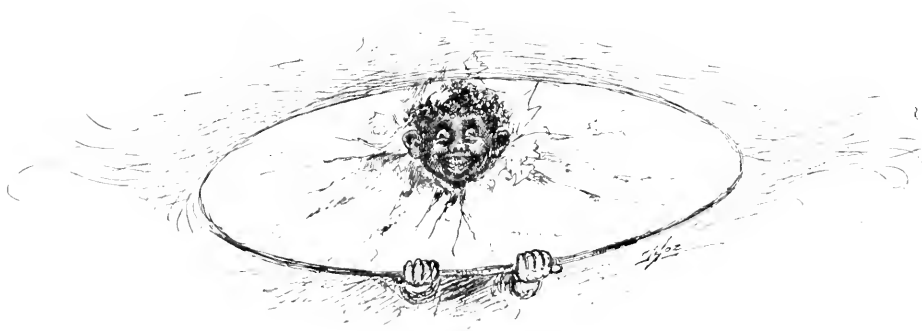
with said: 'Good! I am really quite encouraged if people are already becoming educated beyond playthings so that a few really fine pictures, with severe simplicity in furnishings, will be "all the rage" before long.' She said she was just sick of the word bric-a-brac."

"And I say hurrah too!" cried Teddy. "For when all the gim-cracks are out of fashion in the parlor they will be moved up-stairs to the attic and nursery; and then won't the young ones have fun playing curiosity-shop, and auction, with all the gorgeous old things!"

John Angelo laughed: "I suppose it don't matter if the young ones' tastes are vitiated! nobody seems to think about that in children's playthings! However, the King is dead! Long live the King! Long live water-colors, at prices every-day folks can pay!"



SPRING-TIME.—*F. Child Hassam.*



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